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that our architects have heretofore neglected a most important element of beauty in their designs. It is this element, mainly, that gives to the early Italian buildings their immeasurable superiority to the works of the Renaissance period. We believe in the system of the former, fully agreeing with Mr. Street, in the opinions expressed in the following extract:

"There are, unhappily, two views of Art, two schools of artists—armies of men fighting against each other; the one numerous, working with the traditions and rules of their masters in the Art, exclusive in their views, narrow in their practice, and conventional in all their proceedings, to the most painful forgetfulness of reality in construction and ornament: the other young and earnest, fighting for the truth, small in numbers, disciples of Nature, revivers of an Art, to all appearance, now all but defunct, yet already rising gloriously above the traditional rules of three centuries: the one class representing no new idea, breathing no new thought, faithful to no religious rule; the other rapidly endeavoring to strike out for themselves paths as yet untrifled, gathering thoughts from Nature, free from the intense desire for reality and practical character, faithful, moreover, to a religious belief, whose propagation will be forever the great touchstone of their work: the one class, the disciples of Palladio, journeying towards Vicenza, with reverence, to learn how he built palaces of compe, with cornices of lath and plaster, already in two short centuries falling to decay, wretched and ruinous! the other stopping long, at Verona, dreaming over the everlasting art of the monuments of the Scaligers, and of the name of Sta. Anastasia, still, though five centuries have passed, fresh and beautiful as ever, fit objects of veneration for the artist in all ages."

COURSE OF REFINEMENT.—The same age which produces great philosophers and politicians, renowned generals and poets, usually abounds with skillful weavers and ship-carpenters. * * * The spirit of the age affects all the arts and the minds of men, being once roused from their lethargy, and put into a fermentation, turn themselves on all sides, and carry improvements into every art and science. Profound ignorance is totally banished, and men enjoy the privilege of rational creatures, to think as well as to act, to cultivate the pleasures of the mind as well as those of the body. The more these refined arts advance, the more noble men become: nor is it possible that, when enriched with science, and possessed of a fund of conversation, they should be contented to remain in solitude, or live with their fellow-creatures in that distant manner which is peculiar to ignorant and barbarous nations.—*Hume*.

THE POET'S FATE.

(From *Dargaledet*.)

DREAMING once of high renown,
Hoping earthly state to share,
I had craved a doctor's gown,
And perhaps Professor's chair.
Suddenly the muses came,
Stealing lightly on their way,
Kissing me, they breathed a flame,
Which has burnt these dreams away.

Now a poet's finger goes
Light my lyre's sweet chords along,
In the place of fables,
Now I write a little song.
Oh thou poor, yet happy bard!
All thy dreaming now is done,
Hope no more for earth's regard,
But in Heaven which thou hast won.

Correspondence.

ART NEWS FROM ENGLAND.—LETTER 9.

London, November 28, 1855.

To the Editors of the *Crayon*:

THE only Art exhibition of the regular sort which is wont to enliven London between August and February—the so-called "Winter Exhibition of Pictures, Water-Colors, and Engravings, of the English School"—has opened this month. Its distinctive feature is "a complete set of engravings, lithographs, and etchings, after and by Sir Edwin Landseer," collected by one of his habitual engravers, Mr. Charles Lewis. "Complete set," says the catalogue; and so, with a very slight allowance, it is reported to be. I hear that a few Landseer's, which had undergone the honor of being etched by the Queen's hand, have been withdrawn from exhibition "by command;" her majesty, as was proved heretofore by the prosecution of a surreptitious publisher, having no mind to collect the suffrages of flunkeyism, by parading the productions of her leisure-hours. I remember, also, one or two other Landseer prints, that are not here—as a lithograph of our late illustrious antagonist, the Emperor Nicholas, done from life; but it may be fairly said that the man who sees the present collection, numbering 278 specimens, sees the whole body of Landseer's engraved works. There are, as it appears to me, two points in which Landseer stands at the head of all animal-painting. The first is a minor, but telling merit—one, indeed, which, while conducing much to his popularity, betrays him sometimes into flimsiness—the power, I mean, of expressing the morbidity of texture in hide and plumage. As a master of other points of texture in animal subjects, I should not rate him so high; while, in thorough portraiture of animals—such portraiture as elicits the qualities of firm draughtsmanship, and downright actuality—the eminent living members of the French school, Rosa Bonheur, Troyon, the Belgian, Joseph Stevens, and, above all, Jadin, not to enter upon any inquiry as to such past worthies as Snyders and Jan Fyt, appear to me clearly his superiors. However, the second point of Landseer's preeminence, is the important one—the most important which can be cited as affecting the decision of relative excellence. This is the quality which may be broadly designated as *sympathy*; the hearty fellow-feeling with which he enters into the characters, passions, and instincts, of animals, with which he elicits the sentiment of their life, and which so quickens his invention as to make his completest works subjects of real pathos and dramatic interest. Such are "the Random Shot"—that exquisite snow piece on the moors, where a fawn stands incomprehensible by its slaughtered dam, seeking the nurture, whose fount death has dried up; or, "Peace," with lambs nibbling at the grass-green cannon's mouth, and a lovely sea-side back-ground, with its white cliffs, blue expanse of water, and birds tumultuously life-filled. Such, among unengraved works, are the "Shepherd's Prayer," with his patriarchal flocks massing the mounded uplands with sweet rest, and one of a herd of stags in a misty morn-

ing, looming and shifting like uncertain wreaths, through the vapor. "The Forester's Family," and others, with less of a positive idea in their conception, possess the same poetry of feeling. Landseer has been fortunate generally in his engravers, especially his brother Thomas, who understands animals well enough, not only to engrave them after another, but to design them himself with great spirit and originality. In the present collection, one of the most interesting and remarkable features is the sprinkling of etchings, studied and executed by the now famous artist from Nature, in early childhood—ten years, nine years, and as low even as eight, "Heads of Sheep and Cattle," "Donkeys," "Lion," "Horse and Bull," "Boar's Head," "Cow and Calf," and so on. These are fairly astonishing; the character fully appreciated, the drawing marked by observation, firmness, and perception, the actions mostly as right as can be. Few instances of artistic precocity could be hunted up to equal this.

The remainder of the "Winter Exhibition is thread-bare enough—commonplace contributors, for the most part, sending second-rate contributions. Two junior members of the Linnell family exhibit landscapes full of feeling and minute study—the stuff which may fail of developing into greatness, but which is already choice truth, and must result in assured excellence. It is pleasant to be able to discount to young men the admiration which one feels to an older master in the same family, but which his reputation can dispense with. Mr. Arthur Hughes, a rising Pre-Raphaelite, sends a figure of a little boy, in a flannel night-shirt, replete with sentiment and beautiful pictorial method. A dull artist could not have aimed at so much naive actuality without falling into prossies, nor a pseudo-sentimental one at so much of the abstract and spiritual without dissolving into inanity. Mr. Hughes combines the two points of view, so that each makes the other the more vital. Mr. Munro, a young sculptor, one of the few whose productions present any element of life in these days, sends some medallion heads and groups, proving anew graceful thought and ductile ease of hand.

It is trifling with the item "exhibitions," in my month's budget of news, however, to talk of the Winter Exhibition, while that of the Arundel Society, at the Crystal Palace, remains to be spoken of; or, at least, it would be trifling, had I not last month said something on the subject, and were it not one, the mere fact of which suggests and implies more than can well be written in this summary fashion. Tracings from an important series of works, by about the greatest artist of all times and climes, Giotto—that is what, with other matter, one can now see at the Crystal Palace; and that speaks pretty sufficiently for itself. The other matter includes proofs of the forthcoming wood-cuts in the society's series; pen-and-ink drawings from the tracings; drawings in chiaroscuro of the fourteen allegorical subjects by Giotto, from the same building figures of the Virtues and Vices; one or two colored reductions; and decorative of other accessories. Thus far as to the representation of Giotto. In addition to this, there are designs after Fra Angelico and Domenico Ghirlandajo; reductions from the Elgin Marbles; and a

very important collection of models of ancient ivory carvings.—Roman, Byzantine, Norman, Gothic, and intermediates. Such is the good work which the Arundel Society has to show for itself as yet: one may earnestly trust, for the credit of British Art-feeling, that every further act of publicity by which its course is marked, such as the present exhibition, enlists further subscribers in its body.

Another addition to the contents of the Crystal Palace revives a curious memory, now old enough. The addition consists of figures done in freestone, of Tam O'Shanter, Souter Johnny, the Innkeeper and his Wife, by "A self-taught Quarry-man," named, I think, Thom—of course a Scotchman. I know no other country to which the self-taught genius is so indigenous as to Scotland. Of the figures in question, I have some knowledge through copies; the originals I have not yet looked at. Doubtless they indicate a faculty. At the time of their first appearance, however—now probably some quarter of a century ago—the enthusiasm professed for them (as often happens with local celebrities) knew no bounds. One may light upon old magazines, wherein dithyrambs are whooped in their honor. One, I remember, which bade some ancient master-pieces "go hang," in impotent envy—Apollo, Venus, or Elgin Marbles, as the case may have been. Curious! The Theusens has persisted in being the Theusens, and Souter Johnny remains just a cobbler.

An exhibition at Cambridge, in aid of the "Patriotic Fund," and the revived annual display of the Architectural Society, are among the forthcoming shows.

Sculpture continues to excite the throes of contentious gossip. Scarcely is the *nominiis umbra* of a Marochetti conspiracy got to vanish, when the Campbell statue controversy rises into clamor. A committee was constituted soon after the poet's death, in 1844, to promote a monument to his memory in Westminster Abbey. Mr. Calder Marshall, a sculptor of more cleverness than brains, and more name than either, sought and obtained the commission. He avowed that remuneration was a secondary object, and that he would be content with whatever sum the subscription-list might close at. But lo! The subscription-list might close at £444 4s. 6d., out of which, after deduction of expenses, he receives the net trifle of £291 6s., with about £30, supposed to be further claimable. The commission has turned out miserably unremunerative. Hence newspaper-paragraphs, replies, and rejoinders. There is really nothing to say, except that the public failed to respond to the Committee's invitation for funds, certainly nothing to dispute about. But one communication elicits a second; self-vindication on either side leads to acrimony against the other; and men, each of whom has done his best in a common cause, find themselves embroiled. This is a case for Carlyle's motto: "Speech is silvern, but silence is golden." And indeed the speech has scarcely been so good as silver.

However, this discussion may be regarded as a ceremonious interchange of compliments, in comparison with what Britons write, say, and think of the award of artistic prizes at the Paris exhibition, nor one would stultify himself so far as to profess that the award is, in any respect, satisfactory; but one may well ask, "Why all

this turmoil? Surely merit is merit, recognized or not; and the true artist's, or his honest admirers', consciousness may well stand instead of the verdict of a jury. The attribution of bad motives is at best futile. Meanwhile, here is the list:

Great gold medal, Landseer. First class—Grant, Gordon, Leslie, Stanfield, Cattermole, Thorburn, Robinson (engraving). Second—E. M. Ward, Roberts, Frith, Webster, Millais, Tayler, Haghe, Cousins (engr.) Third—Ansell, Wm. Hunt (water-color), Doo (engr.), Poole, J. Thompson (engr.), Hursthouse, Macnee. Honorable Mention—Topham, Henry Warren, Wehnert, Wilson Junior, Cross, F. Goodall, E. Corbould, E. W. Cooke, F. Danby, Elmore, Harding, Holland, Horsley, Lane (engr.), Nash, Eaton, Philip, Pye (engr.), Stocks (engr.), Stone, Wells. Architecture—Great Medal—Barry. Other prizes, &c.—Cockerell, Owen Jones, Donaldson, Hardwick, Gilbert Scott, Falkener, Hamilton, Burton, Fowler, Thomas Wyatt, Allom, Digby Wyatt, Kendall, Shaw. Legion of Honor—Painting—Mulready, Eastlake. Architecture—Cockerell. Sculpture—Gibson. Sculpture otherwise—Zero.

So stood the reported list at first. But it appears that, in the French official list, Stanfield, Tayler, Warren, Wehnert, Wilson, Holland, and Wells, have dropped out, and the engraver, Gruner, is added. And be it understood that, among the painters, Mulready, Dyce, Eastlake, Macclise, Herbert, and Ross, and among the sculptors, Gibson and Bailly (doubtless with others unnamed), declined to compete for the prizes.

On such data, no one can help speculating; but some speculations are best at length under a man's own head, and these are of them. I therefore say no more of the matter.

The month, as usual towards the approach of Christmas, has been prolific of illustrated books. I may mention, first, "The Life of Luther, in 48 Historical Engravings, by Gustav König," with interesting letterpress, by the late Archdeacon Hare and a Lady. Herr König gives, in neat steel-plates, a clear telling of his story, and an artistic feeling for such accessories of background and costume as Germans nationally affect. Without being powerful, he is in earnest, and deserves thanks. Second: an illustrated Longfellow by John Gilbert, the insatiable wood-designer; a man of most conspicuous genius, who can do everything, and everything well, who has dramatic invention, perception of Nature, a great charm of manner, and a thorough mastery of wood-engraving as a medium. There are fine things in this Longfellow, especially in the landscape glimpses; but, to appreciate Gilbert's impulse and variety, one must note, from week to week, and from year to year, the accumulation of his more unconsidered designs for penny magazines, religious tracts, &c., and one will wonder and admire—doubtless with some regret (though not impossibly a misplaced one)—that his efforts have not been more permanent and concentrated. Third: another poetic volume, the "Eve of St. Agnes" of Keats, illustrated (or obfuscated) by Wehnert. This is a failure, and one for which one has small toleration. Keats is not a man for honorable mediocrity to try conclusions with at all, still less to trifle with. Fourth: a translation of Jules La-

barte's "Hand-book of the Arts of the Middle Ages and Renaissance, as applied to the Decoration of Furniture, Arms, Jewels, &c.," a work full of well-presented information. Fifth: an elucidation of the Great Bayeux Tapestry, wherein the events of the Norman Conquest of England are represented contemporaneously, or nearly so; with color-printed renderings of the whole of this splendid relic—priced less anyhow, and by no means destitute of fine germs of Gothic Art. Sixth: first fruits of the now almost defunct annals, and gift-books of the like attenuated sort; whereof I have not seen any upon which I need dilate. Seventh: a little book—a child's book, and in itself a trifle, though of sterling excellence in its naive naturalism—by a lady who signs J. B., and who produced last year a volume, "Illustrations of Scripture by an Animal-painter," of such high quality, in virtue of its study and seriousness, that no opportunity of spreading its artist's name should be let slip. The designs in this instance had the peculiarity of being published in photography after the originals. Books such as those here enumerated will succeed one another rapidly for the next two months; but among them will appear—if we may trust a definitive advertisement, one of a stamp quite otherwise memorable. "Early in January," so runs the promise, "will appear the third and fourth volumes of Modern Painters, by John Ruskin, with illustrations engraved on steel, from drawings by the author. The fifth and concluding volume will be published towards the end of next year." The announcement of third and fourth volumes together, is better than I knew was in store for critic to learn from, pseudo-critic to wriggle under, and artist to appreciate.

On the 5th instant, three new associates were elected into our Royal Academy—Mr. Horsley representing painting, Mr. Gilbert Scott architecture, and Mr. Stocks engraving. The first has painted some slightly, popular, and clever pictures—volitional Dycisms for Westminster Hall, and Leslieisms from "Don Quixote;" but he recruits the academic body with nothing distinctive, and outstrips competitors—and non-competitors—to whom it were praise for the electing forty to "associate" themselves. Of Mr. Scott's doings I know little personally; but he has made himself a reputation on the continent as well as at home, and I believe him to be a man of the highest promise among living architects. Mr. Stocks is "an associate engraver of the new class." I have before touched in your pages upon the position of engravers in the Academy; and can only say, on the present occasion, that I don't know what "an associate engraver of the new class" exactly is; whether just an associate like an artist in any other branch, or segregated in some respect from the ordinary status, and from common eligibility to full academical honors.

British commercialism enters into Art-matters, as into all others. Few recent events connected with Art have excited more talk and questioning than one which is intrinsically a stroke of business. This is what the "Athenaeum" described as "an extraordinary destruction of valuable engravings, on which some £80,000 had been expended;" engravings published by the

print-seller Moon, before he had become Lord Mayor, or been baronetized for the arduous service of giving Louis Napoleon a dinner, and bought—now that Moon retires from business to reckon up his bank-notes, and the fulsome platitudes which he poured forth during his year of office—by another print-seller, Mr. Boys. The plates of the engravings in question were destroyed to prevent their being worked to death, to the detriment of the commercial value of the prints already bought, and of the last remaining for sale. Mr. Boys pleaded "his anxiety to secure the value of the impressions, which had cost him ten to twenty guineas each," and—here comes the gist of the matter—"the few remaining copies of the engravings were put up to competition among the print-sellers present, and *realized high prices.*" The affair has its two aspects, the commercial and the artistic; as to the relative importance of which opinions naturally vary. Of course Mr. Boys thinks the first the paramount one, and of course I, who have nothing at stake in it, think the second. The first, one may safely leave to Mr. Boys, who has doubtless calculated the profit-and-loss account; the second is not to be given against him without inquiry. The *artistic* morality of the question appears to be this: If the plates had already been exhausted of as many impressions as would do credit to the artist and the engraver, it was beneficial to prevent the issue of others; if not, it was baneful, and no advantage to purchasers can affect the question artistically. Now, the plates had undoubtedly seen service. Some, in all probability, were fairly worn out; others, with an equal degree of probability, not so. In any case, one consolation remains—that the works were not of a high order of artistic excellence. Out of five Landseers, one only—"The Sanctuary"—was an example of his best powers; in the two Leslies, though well managed, were but court-scenes, the lowest order of art; and Eastlake's "Christ Weeping over Jerusalem," and Salter's "Waterloo Banquet," are quite as well "ploughed into deep, indelible lines at a rule-maker's, then cut in pieces by machinery, and the pieces nailed on a white board." *Requiescant.*

Some doings of our sculptors have to be recorded, and others are bruited. A Gothic monument to the late Archbishop of York, by Mr. Noble, has been placed in that York Minster so ebulliently beloved by simple-hearted, splendor-handed Eddy: another of the legions Peels, at Bradford, and by Mr. Behnes, has been inaugurated; McDowell is doing Pitt; Bailly is doing Fox, and a "Circassian Captive," which may, perhaps, come into competition with that "Greek Slave," which you so unpatriotically, so tersely, and so truly dubbed "rubbish;" and Marochetti has in hand "a colossal military monument," to be executed in West of England granite, for our burial-ground at Scutari. Speaking of this war-monument reminds me of another—the "Crimean medal" bestowed by the Crown. The subject is Fame crowning a warrior; and I believe I have seen something of the design, though not in the medal itself. "Fame crowning a warrior!" A classical woman in wings and a man with a Roman short-sword and naked legs! That is the kind of palsied idiom we send out to men who have battled with grim

Russia and grim death, and have chuckled a Crimean winter with lungs and limbs begotten in the nineteenth century of the Christian era.

Here is another "classical" announcement, delivered with a bland chuckle by the "Athenæum"—"Glasgow promises to be as fine a city as Edinburgh. The Unitarians have just built a chapel in pure Greek taste, with draped female figures to hold the gas-lights." That is a delicious touch. Pity that the other female figures who hold the hymn-books do not "drape" themselves in palla and stola.

WM. M. ROSSETTI.

—**PORTRAIT PAINTING.**—A very charming art—a right noble art, when nobly and worthily used, relieving, as it does, grace and beauty from the grasp of time and the mortality of the grave, and transmitting the lineaments of the good, the great, and the gifted, to the anxious and inquiring gaze of unborn generations. When we lay down the volume of a glorious poet, or study the works of a great artist, or read the sayings and doings of heroes, sages, navigators, statesmen, and all who, by deed or word, have raised themselves above the mediocrity of humanity, the dead level of commonplace, we naturally feel a portion of Lady Rosalind's curiosity—we wish to know "what manner of men they were"—we wish to look upon the grand and expansive foreheads—the deep, mysterious eyes—the expressive mouths—in fine, we want, reverentially to gaze upon the exteriors of intellect.

Portrait painting has one peculiar virtue. It has a stronger claim upon the affections than the noblest branches of art; its dull, literal matter-of-fact transcripts are more dear to those with whom the fate of the original are linked, than the brightest and loveliest beauties of ideal beauty. Through its mediums, friends and lovers gaze into each other's faces at the uttermost ends of the earth. It preserves to you, unchanged by death or decay, or the mutations of the world, the frank, free countenance of the companion of your boyhood, or the form and features that "first love traced;" through it the mother gazeth, with mournful tenderness, on the similitude of her absent or departed child; and children, with grateful recollection, on the presentment of those who were the first and last to love them. And, no matter how commonplace or generally uninteresting the countenance of those persons who have been so preserved—they were dear to some one. The beneficent law of nature sayeth, that no human being shall go utterly unloved; it has insured sympathy and affection to all; a nook in some heart to the most despised—

"There is a tear for all that die,
A mourner e'er the humblest bier."

Therefore, as an art that yields to the eye that for which the soul yearns, portrait painting is worthy of all love and honor.—*William Cox.*

The works of the British school of art seems the result of chance—the offspring of accident, rather than of any settled aim or fixed purpose of soul. A painter makes a portrait; a family group; a landscape with cattle in it; or, touched by some passage in the popular poet of the day, he embodies the scene, and sends the result to be hung up on the Academy walls—such works generally compose what is called the Exhibition of the Royal Academy: and when we have added a few busts, a portrait-statue, and an allegory, in honor of the heroes of the last "Gazette," we have said all that can be said in honor of the sister art of Sculpture. An artist is called in as a sort of physician, to alleviate the pangs of private vanity;

but there is no such thing as a principle observed in his productions. Hogarth, indeed, had an aim of this nature, and created a series of works, dramatic, satiric, and moral, which are truly national; but the works of Sir Joshua Reynolds are but the portraits of such persons as were in love with their own looks, together with a few heads of the sons of the morning amongst them; the works of Sir Thomas Lawrence are of the same stamp; Fuseli went far to render our sublime poetry ridiculous by a series of fantastic compositions; Hilton, indeed, had an epic aim in almost all he attempted, and with his fine eye in drawing, and his taste for color, approached nigh to Spencer; but it was reserved for Wilkie, without leaning on the polished rod of verse, or the staff of history, to evoke out of the domestic manners and circumstances of this island, a series of noble pictures, which, with all the glow of Teniers, without his grossness, exhibit a dramatic skill of delineation, in which Hogarth is alone his equal.—*Life of Wilkie.*

WILKIE loved to relate how he thought on the blue and lofty Lomonds, as he skirted the low-lying coast of England, and wondered at the clouds of smoke which came rolling towards him, as he sailed up the Thames, through masts standing as thick as the trees in the forest. The first step he took was to seek out a convenient room for a study; this he found at No. 8, Norton Street, Portland Road, in the house of a coal-merchant; his second was to seek out some public place where he might display his pictures, to make his works known and attract purchasers; and the third step was, to enter his name at the Royal Academy as a probationer. As the classes of the Academy close when the annual exhibition opens, Wilkie was unable to enter upon the studies which he so much desired till the middle of July; but, in the meanwhile, the merits of his early pictures found admirers; people were observed to stop and stare at a shop window near Charing Cross, where two or three of his works were allowed to hang; nay, some seemed willing to buy, but were deterred by the fear, which most men have when they trust to their own judgment, of buying a matter of ridicule, rather than admiration. It is related by a gentleman, now on the judgment-seat in matters of ancient as well as modern painting, that a wealthy friend came to him one morning, and told him he had seen what he thought a very clever little picture for six pounds, in a window at Charing Cross, painted by one Wilkie, but that he was afraid to buy it. "Oh, buy it by all means, said the other; 'it cannot be altogether bad if you admire it; risk six pounds on your own taste.' He returned to the window where he had seen the picture, but it was gone; some one who had trust in his own taste had bought it.—*Life of Wilkie.*

OUR purity of taste is best tested by its universality, for if we can only admire this thing or that, we may be sure that our cause for liking is of a finite and false nature.—*Ruskin.*

THE LOWLY TOWER.

THE lowly Artist's path must always lie

Where greater souls have often wandered o'er

To pluck the very flowers they plucked before,

Which they have left, or passed as worthless by.

But there are mountains towering to the sky,

Within whose summit dells is rarer store,

Blooming on crags, or where the waters roar,

For those, who have the strength to climb as high.

But yet by chance the humble hand may find

Some mountain bell, that others had not seen—

Sprung from a seed, blown thither by the wind—

To bind within his wreath among the mean,

Which for the rest insures a greeting kind,

While these, though common, may be prized

as green! JUSTIN WINSOR.